



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, TUESDAY EVENING SEPTEMBER 26, 1882.

NUMBER 263.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

SLATES, PENCILS, PENS, INKS, EXERCISE, AND COPY BOOKS, SATCHELS. SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

A PRESENT Given to every child at

J. C. PECOR & CO.'S.

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—Dealers in—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats Caps and Clothing.

Goods always what they are recommended to be. Main Street, Germantown, Ky.

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Teas, Tobacco, Cigars, Queensware, Woodenware, Glassware, Notions, &c. Highest price paid for Country Produce. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

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MAYSVILLE, KY.

BRIDAL PRESENTS

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HERMANN LANGE'S

Jewelry Store,

No. 43, Second Street, 3 doors West of Market. aug3ldly

JOHN WHEELER

Headquarters for all kinds of Confectionery Fruits, Canned Goods, etc.

Fresh Stock and Low Prices.

Come and see me if you want to save money.

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COURT STREET, - MAYSVILLE, KY,

Gas used in the extraction of teeth. dl

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THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

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JACOB LINN,

Four Doors Below the Postoffice

—HAS OPENED HIS—

ICE CREAM PARLORS.

Ice Cream for sale by the gallon or half gallon. Wedding Parties furnished on short notice. my29

REOPENED.

MRS. M. W. COULTER has reopened the HILL HOUSE and is prepared to furnish board by the day or week. Meals furnished to transient customers at any hour during the day. my156m

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PIANO MANUFACTURER

Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House

Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturers' prices; Tuning and Repairing. nl.7

TEAS!! TEAS!!

I HAVE a full supply of the best GUNPOWDER TEA in the market. Give me a trial my9lyd **GEO. H. HEISER.**

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

PERSONS in need of a good Piano or Organ will find it to their advantage to call on the undersigned, No. 34, Market street, agent for D. H. Baldwin & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, where they will find all the standard makes, such as Steinway, Decker Bros., Haines Bros., Pianos, Estey and Shoninger at very reasonable prices. sept5dlm F. F. GERBERICH.

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—OF—

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Made Double or Single for men or boys. Address WILLIAM CAUDLE, care T. K. Ball & Son, Maysville, Ky. ap14dawly

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dealer in Bath Tubs, Hydrant Pumps, Iron and Lead Pipe, Globe, Angle and Check Valves, Rubber Hose and Sewer Pipe. All work warranted and done when promised. Second streets opposite White & Ort's. ap3

Handling the Mails.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who rode from this city to Chicago in a postal car, writes as follows:

A postal car is so arranged that everything is right at hand. To be sure, that is convenient; but it makes things very much crowded. There are boxes for letters and boxes for papers, and there are racks for pouches and racks for bags. Then there is a store-room in front. Some of the boxes are for special cities, and some are for railroads. So it is with the pouches and bags. The pouches for the letters are hung by themselves on hooks with the tops open. Ditto the sacks for the papers. As soon as the wagon-load of mail arrives at the car from the post-office it is dumped out of the pouches, and the clerks immediately begin to "throw" it. At the post office the people arrange the letters by States. This is all the start the clerks on the cars get. Each box in the car represents either a city or a railroad, and the letters must all be placed in the proper boxes to reach the cities for which they are destined, or the railroad connection that will give the quickest delivery.

In order to correctly "throw" a State the man so doing must know the location of every city, town, village, hamlet, railroad station and crossing in every county of that State. He must be able to detect the second he sees it a letter that is misdirected. Misdirected letters are called "nixes." Accompanying each package of letters sent from the post-office is a slip of paper with the date stamped upon, and the name of the letters are printed thereon. There is also a number stamped on the slip, and that number represents the clerk at the post-office who put up the package. In case a nixe is found in a package of letters, it is returned by the clerk of the car, who stamps the date of the nixe slip, writes thereon the "misdirection," and signs his name to it. Each nixe is charged against the clerk at the post-office who permits it to go to the car, and at the end of the month there is a grand hauling over the coals. If too many nixes are set opposite a man's name in a given time he is relieved of the responsibilities of his position. Last night thirty nixes were detected on one car, and one of them was an official letter written from the Cincinnati Post-office to a postmaster in a town that doesn't exist.

It may be reasonable to suppose that a man of ordinary intelligence could learn all of the little towns and so forth in one or two States, but when it comes to twelve States it would seem to be an impossibility, but Mr. McGinnis, the man with the best memory in the mail service, can locate every town, railroad station or crossing in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, California, Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia. The rapidity with which he works when throwing mail is astonishing. He picks up a handful of letters, and before you imagined he had glanced at it to see where it was destined for he has read the town, county and State and chucked it into the box it belongs in. So familiar is he with the locations of the boxes he does not have to look up to see where the place is the letter goes, but gives it a flirt in the direction of the proposed receptacle, and it alights in the right place, while he still has his eyes on the letters in the other hand. He throws mail matter as fast as a person could count for say half a minute, but at the end of that time the counter would get left and McGinnis would be going on. There were 120 different pouches on the car during the night, for different roads and cities, and it was necessary that Mc-

Ginnis should keep in his mind just exactly where each pouch was for, what was in it, and when to look it up.

While throwing letters he was continually being asked by the others where this, that and the other town was, or where such and such a paper or letter would go, and he answered each question before it was well out of the interrogator's mouth, never stopping in his work for a moment.

Mr. McGinnis and his crew handled 161 sacks of mail on their trip last night.

We ran through a most violent rain-storm, but McGinnis never lost himself, and could at all times tell just where we were by the motion of the car. He has been in the service for eight years, and is the oldest clerk in his division—that is, in service, for he is a young man in years.

I saw him do something that it is claimed no other man in the service can do, and that was to throw a State without having the boxes labeled. He had the State of Michigan to throw, and he threw it into the boxes used for the State of Kentucky. Thus, he had to improvise boxes as he went along, and had to remember just where he had put over a thousand letters.

After the letters are thrown into the boxes they are all taken out and tied in bundles, and chucked into their respective pouches. Care must be exercised not to throw a bundle into the wrong pouch, and it is a mystery how many one man can retain in his memory, which is which and which isn't, with so many to choose from. But McGinnis can stand in any part of a car and throw a bundle to any other part without a miss and without looking.

Understanding Men's Natures.

About mid-afternoon yesterday a citizen who pulls down the scales at 196 pounds descended the first flight of stairs beyond the post-office in just the same manner that a bag of oats would have chosen, and when he brought up at the foot he was in no frame of mind to chip in anything for the heathen in Africa. The first citizen who arrived on the spot knew what his duty required of him on such an occasion, and he smilingly remarked:

"I don't believe you can improve on the old way!"

The second citizen passing was in a hurry; but he knew that he must halt and inquire:

"Like that any better than coming down the way the rest of us do?"

The third citizen had business at the post-office, but he turned aside, cleared his throat, and remarked:

"Evidently fell down stairs? Curious how it sets the blood to circulating! Some of you had better see if his nose is broken—good-bye!"

There was a fourth spectator, and he slowly entered the door-way, bent over the victim, and remarked:

"I'd have given a dollar to see him come down! He's one of the sort who bump every stair!"

The fifth man was about to add his mite when the victim rose up. His elbows were skinned, his nose barked, his coat torn and his back sand-papered the whole length, but he was a man who had traveled. He knew that everybody in the crowd was hoping to see him jump up and down and shake his fists, and paw the air, and to hear him declare that he would lick all the men who could be packed in a ten-acre lot, and therefore he brought a sweet smile to his face, lifted his hat like a perfect gentleman, and limped up stairs with the bland remark:

"Stubbed my toe as I came in the door, you know, and came near falling in a heap."—Detroit Free Press.